

THE OFFENDER.

It is the person, not the thing.
That does the wrong, and he,
Who is behind that which offends,
Must pay the penalty.

The fire that burns the house is not
Called into court to stand
And answer for the crime, but he
Who wields the firing brand.

The gun that shoots a man to death
Goes free for what is done,
But he must take the punishment
Who held the deadly gun.

The man behind the corporate crime
Must of himself make good;
The corporation merely does
What he directs it should.

It is the person, not the thing,
Who right from wrong must know,
And he must suffer for the wrong
When Justice strikes the blow.
—W. J. Lampton, in New York Times.

The Crusade Against the Bow Knot Club.

Re-enforced by societies at the left of her and societies at the right of her, Mrs. Calantha Wegler's prominence in Cedra, a scraggly-edged town of the Middle West, was undisputed. She acted in the capacity of president or secretary in the Aid, Humane, Relief, Auxiliary, Soldiers' and Sailors' societies, Haymakers' association, Pythian Sisters and Degree of Honor, but like a warrior of old, she sighed for more worlds to conquer.

To widen her field she organized the Ladies' League. The object of this order being reform, Mrs. Wegler had some difficulty in finding opportunity for action. Finally she found her prey in the shape of the Bow Knot Club. It was composed of a few well-mannered young men, whose chief offense seemed to be that they had a clubhouse at Leaf Lake.

The president of this club, Willard Cole, was a wooer of Mrs. Wegler's young daughter, Bertha, but the mother proved adamant in her disapproval of his attentions and would not suffer her prejudices to be overcome.

One summer's day the Ladies' Aid Society, marshaled by Mrs. Wegler, made an expedition to Leaf Lake for a day's outing. When they reached their destination they were approached by the captain of the little steamer, who made a friendly and cheap proposition to take the party about the lake. The members of the society being fair weather sailors and earth and sky seeming reconciled, they decided to make a little junket on the waters. Serenely, complacently and blissfully unconscious of the dangers in their horoscope, the sisters embarked. The constant chug of machinery kept rhythmic time to their chatter and interchange of mutual confidence, while the hissing of the escaping steam raised their voices to shrill crescendo.

Suddenly the man at the boiler called in low, emotional voice to the man at the wheel.

"Reddy!" Reddy quickly turned and in response to the impressive beckoning, hastened to the coal passer. The two talked in low, troubled tones while the society, now at "attention," maintained a breathless silence. Reddy returned to the wheel. The boat gradually slackened her speed and then suddenly and ominously stopped. The man at the boiler looked about him helplessly.

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Wegler.

"Well," he replied disconsolately, "the fire's low and the coal's give out."

There issued a series of piercing shrieks from the terrified pleasure party.

"What are you going to do?" cried Mrs. Wegler.

"We'll have to wait till someone sees us and tows us in," he answered discouragingly.

Soon Mrs. Wegler spied a sailboat skimming by in the distance. She waved signals of distress, to which it responded by changing its course and coming toward them. As they steered alongside the steamer, she recognized the sailors as Willard Cole and his best friend.

"What is it, Reddy?" asked Willard as the boat came into the wind. The two held conference. At its close Willard addressed Mrs. Wegler consolingly.

"There is no immediate danger, and we could, of course, tow you in, but I think it would be safer for you to all come aboard the sailboat and let us sail you to the shore. The steamer is old, and when a fire gives out—"

"Oh, yes, oh, please, Mr. Cole, take us in your boat," piped a plaintive chorus of panic-stricken sisters.

Under Cole's directions and Mrs. Wegler's commands, the women were carefully transferred from the steamer to the sailboat.

"You have delivered us from danger!" declared Mrs. Wegler in tragic tones as she rolled her eyes Willardward.

He modestly and deprecatingly dis-

avowed much action in the delivery line.

"It's a pity," he declared, "that you should all be deprived of your pleasure ride. My friend and I had no objective point, and we should be glad to take you around the lake."

The breeze was light and delicate. Mrs. Wegler, in behalf of the society, graciously accepted. It was the intention of the two young Bow Knotters to give the good women a sail and then boast of the fact to their friends and to incredulous church members that they had taken the whole society "out." Fate forced them to extend still further hospitality to their foes. Some little feathery clouds scudding by united forces and suddenly produced a light sprinkle, which caused a squall on board.

It chanced that they were nearer the tabooed clubhouse than any other landing place, and Mrs. Wegler promptly suggested that they there await a cessation of the shower. Her companions acquiesced. Fate had given them the coveted opportunity of viewing this abhorred place. The Bow Knot Club, therefore, took unto their hearth and home their reformers. Willard at once proceeded to "make hay." He drew Mrs. Wegler aside for confidential conversation.

"I want to ask you something, Mrs. Wegler," he said, his big blue eyes meeting hers in guile. "Are you really interested in the welfare of our club—in my welfare, individually?"

"Why, of course," she responded, eagerly and glibly. "We want you to be led into the right path, to leave your sinful ways and—"

"But, Mrs. Wegler, they do not want to be led. The time is not ripe yet for them. But it is for me. I want to be domesticated, and you can do it. You know the ideal way to reform a sinner is to be as good as you can to him. If you will open your door wide to me and let me feel the influence of home you might reclaim me, and make me worthy of Bertha."

"I guess you are right, Willard. Anyway, you have saved my life and I owe it to you to give you a chance. You may come and see us to-night."

Willard's heart bounded as lightly as did the little sailboat when it bore to the opposite shore its charge of pacified, tranquil sisters. When they landed, Willard left his prospective mother-in-law long enough to hold parley with the man at the wheel of the little steamer, which was again doing business. He bestowed upon him a grin and sundry cash.—New Orleans Picayune.

CHLOROFORMED THE FISH.

Photographer's Device to Obtain Life-like Pictures.

To the many strange uses that chloroform may be put Dr. Francis Ward, of Ipswich, has added yet another. He chloroforms fish, not for surgical purposes, but in order that he may obtain lifelike photographs of them in their natural environment.

"The greatest difficulty I had to contend with in this fascinating hobby of photographing fish in their natural environment in tanks was the rapid and unexpected movements of the subjects," Dr. Ward explained. "The idea occurred to me that I could make the fish more tractable by means of chloroform. But how to administer the anaesthetic? Eventually I decided upon the process of drawing the water slowly away from the tank while administering the chloroform through another tube.

"The experiment was profoundly interesting. At first the fish became extremely excited, darting madly from one side of the tank to the other. It appeared as though my effort was to be in vain, but before long lassitude overcame them and they rested lazily near the bottom of the tank. Thus I was able to make a protracted photographic exposure with excellent results.

"Continuing my experiments, I found that just before anaesthesia is complete it is possible to take a photograph of fish in an aggressive attitude. Anaesthetics are particularly useful in the photomicroscopy of fish larvae. Once they are removed from the chloroformed water the subjects rapidly recover."—London Daily Mail.

The Doctor's Dilemma.

The question, which seems likely to remain a purely academic one, of whether it would be justifiable for a physician to hasten the death of a person apparently doomed to perish in horrible agony without the doctor's aid has come to the front again. This case supposed is generally that of an engineer pinned under a wrecked train with fire rapidly approaching, and it is asked: Is the physician justified in administering a lethal dose of morphine hypodermically? We see no harm in going a little further into this dilemma. Given the engineer and his parlous position, but suppose the physician to have lost his syringe in the train wreck. Our question is: Is the physician justified in banging the engineer over the head with a coupling pin?—New York Medical Journal.



ASPARAGUS.

Will you please tell me how to raise asparagus for market.—J. H.

Make the ground very rich with plenty of barn yard manure, break it deep and mellow, then set the roots in it six inches deep in rows eighteen inches apart, twelve inches apart in the row. Cultivate well the first season. The roots can be had of almost any good seed and plant dealing firm.—Indiana Farmer.

EGGPLANT.

The plants for this crop should be started and handled in the same manner as described for the tomato. After the weather has become settled and the ground quite warm, set the plants in the garden in rows three feet apart and two feet apart in the row. The soil best adapted to the production of eggplant is a fine, rich, sandy loam and should be well drained. Cultivate freely and keep the plants growing rapidly. Many growers believe that fresh stable manure should not be used in connection with the growing of eggplant and that the land should not contain unfermented vegetable matter to any extent.

Eggplant is used in several ways, among which are the following: Peel and cut into slices one-half inch thick, soak in salt water one hour; boil until tender; then coat with rolled crackers or flour and fry in butter or fat. Another method is to steam or bake the eggplant whole and serve in the shell, the pulp being eaten with salt, pepper and butter.—Indianapolis News.

A STRONG GROWING PLANT.

New introductions from China have supplied many novelties of merit. One of these is Aconitum Wilsoni. This new monkshood is allied to the old A. napellus and is a strong growing plant, six to seven feet high, flowering in September. The leaves are leathery, dark green and much divided; the flowers large and very deep blue. After the main spike is past auxiliary branches continue to bear flowers until the advent of sharp frost. The rootstock is tuberous and the plants require strong soil and to get established before the best results are obtained.

Another equally good but very distinct aconite is A. Hemsleyanum. This species is a climber, eight to twelve feet high, and in a wild state frequents thickets, climbing over shrubs and festooning them with a wealth of large flowers in August and September. These flowers vary considerably in color and though most fancy the deep blue forms best others declare the pale forms equally beautiful. The best is not yet known of this plant; selection and good cultivation will yield something far better than the wildling. The rootstock is tuberous and the twining stems, if made into cuttings in late July, root readily. Aconitum Wilsoni is easily raised from seeds, but the opposite is true of A. Hemsleyanum. Both these aconites are perfectly hardy around Indianapolis and are well worthy of cultivation.—Indianapolis News.

CHICORY.

Chicory is an excellent salad plant, but not very generally known. Compared with good lettuce, the cost of growing chicory is very small, for a great many roots can be grown in a quarter of an acre of land and no heat, special fertilizer or anything else but labor is needed and the heads mature in a very short time.

To obtain good roots the seed should be drilled thinly in rows of fifteen to eighteen inches apart on clean, well prepared land, and the seedlings chopped out to one foot apart in the rows. Sow as early as the soil can be got in order and keep clean until the foliage prevents further cultivation. The roots should be lifted in November and stored in any moderately dry and cool place until needed for forcing, when they should be planted in benches or around beds in perfect darkness. The least light will turn the foliage green and make it bitter. After planting it is a good plan to cover the soil with leaves if these are at hand as this will prevent soil being carried up by the growth and making the leaves dirty. When first planted every particle of soil should be thoroughly watered and this will make it easy to keep the crop going after it starts without throwing much water about. The principal points are to obtain strong, vigorous roots, to plant in entire darkness and to avoid too much moisture in the air of the shed. A temperature of forty-five to fifty degrees is ample and this can be maintained in any sheltered shed with very little trouble. The Witloof or Brussels chicory is the best variety.—Indianapolis News.

A cluster of rods replaces the familiar mantle in a new English incandescent gas light.

MAN THE PRINCE OF PEACE, SAYS SPECIALIST.

Dr. William Hanna Thomson Says This is an Evil World, and in It Only Man is Good.

No wonder this so sickened the gentle spirit of Gautama Buddha that he thought all conscious life must be evil, and therefore longed for Nirvana's eternal quiet, with no consciousness there forevermore. The Buddhist's heaviest punishment, therefore, for deadly sin is that his soul shall survive and enter into a filthy pig or migrate into a starveling dog. In truth, no candid mind can rest satisfied with any attempts to minimize the existence of positive evil in this physical world. Still more futile is it to dispose of the problem by denying its existence.

A different aspect of this grave subject presents itself when we adequately appreciate the significance of the greatest event in the history of life on this earth. That event was the coming into this terrible world of that prince of peace, Homo Sapiens. By his wisdom, and not by muscle, he became king over all. Soon he began to remove animals from their native wild state and domesticated them in such numbers that the earth now has more flocks of sheep and goats, more herds of cattle, more horses and camels and well cared for fowls than ever it had before. All acknowledge his dominion as one of right, and so it is, because those who submit to him are much better off than they were in a state of nature. As to those creatures who will not submit, but will stay wild, their plain destiny is to survive here only in menageries.

This is illustrated even in the free-flying birds. It is only about the house of the farmer, in his orchards and meadows, that little birds build their nests and sing joyously, because they know that their cruel enemies dare not come where man makes his abode. No bird which secludes itself in a dense forest has a decent note compared with the merry song sparrow, the bluebird, the lark and the warbling bobolink.—From "The Nature of Physical Life," in Everybody's.

WISE WORDS.

It is a microbe that causes the suffragettes, and that microbe is man.

It is as hard to make a freakish person understand a normal position as it is to make a colt eat codfish.

Will power is strong in some people, and won't power is just as remarkable in others.

To a woman in love little things seem big, and to a man in love big things seem little.

It is truly remarkable how pretty most any woman is when she isn't ugly.

A good guess is a sure winner if there is none better and guessing goes.

The only way we can get back at other people is by talking about them. That's why we do it.

When we meet a long time friend we sometimes feel like commiserating him for his lost youth and would do so only he annoys us by being surprised at the marks of time we are carrying.

If we could arrange to have rich relations-in-law call about the time that the bill collector gets to our door perhaps the word play but up by that individual might move them to his satisfaction and our gain.—From "Pert Paragraphs," in the Trenton American.

A Cent of 1787.

S. W. Rowell, of Brunswick, owns a copper cent of date of 1787. Upon one side at the top is embossed a sunburst, at the left of which around the edge is stamped the Latin word *Lucio*, "I Shine." On the right of the sunburst along the edge is the date of coinage, 1787, and at the bottom the words, "Mind Your Business." In the centre, much blurred by erosion, a coiled serpent. On the reverse side, encircling the edge of the cent, is an embossed chain of thirteen links, one for each State, while the centre contains the words "We Are One," around this inscription and forming a small circular frame the letters reading "United States."—Kennebec Journal.

What He Had Accomplished.

"What," asked the thick-necked magnate, "have you ever accomplished that you should have the presumption to ask permission to marry into my family?"

"Do you remember when an effort was made a few weeks ago to indict you for making fraudulent use of revenue stamps? I got possession of the letter on which the prosecuting attorney expected to base his charges. It is still in my possession."

"I have decided to consider the matter you spoke of a moment ago. If you and my daughter love each other there is no reason why your happiness should be interfered with."—Chicago Record-Herald.

BACKACHE!

Suffered Over Nine Months, Nothing Relieved Me Until I Took P.E.-R-U-N-A.



Mrs. Joseph Lacelle, 124 Bronson St., Ottawa, East, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I suffered with backache and headache for over nine months and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable, half-dead, half-alive condition."

THE BIBLE THE BEST SELLER.

The Enormous Demand for It Is Steadily Maintained.

The sale of the average popular book usually shrinks within a year. Few works of science, particularly in this day of eager research and startling discovery, have permanent value. A medical text book of two decades ago is absolutely valueless save as a literary curiosity. But there is one book that always sells, and of which a single publication house in New York has actually issued over eighty million copies. That, of course, is the Bible.

Mr. Day Allen Willey, in saying that it is absolutely true that in America the yearly sale of the Scriptures are still more than those of the leading book of fiction, has just explained that only a comparatively few copies ever reach the book stores; "most of them go direct from the bindery to men and women who make their living carrying them from house to house in city, village and country." The publication house referred to, it is almost needless to say, is the famous Bible House, which continues to issue books at the rate of a million a year.

It is interesting to learn that they are printed in over fifty languages—ranging from Arapahoe to Visayan—although including the foreign stations of the society, which was founded nearly a century ago, the whole or some portion of the Bible is printed in about four hundred tongues.

These books, it will be understood, are really sold, and it may doubtless gratify many Christians in this commonwealth to learn that, New York aside, it has been purchasing more than any other state in the Union. In 1907, for instance, thirty thousand went to Massachusetts, ten thousand to California, 105,000 to Illinois, 135,000 to Pennsylvania. Mr. Willey says that most of the books sent to this state were wanted in the mining and manufacturing districts, and he adds: "Although the society has sent Bibles to Pennsylvania for over a half century, the sales have been increasing."

One kind of curiosity is a small boy with two grandmothers who isn't spoiled.

POSTUM FOR MOTHERS

The Drink That Nourishes and Supplies Food For Mother and Child.

"My husband has been unable to drink coffee for several years, so we were very glad to give Postum a trial and when we understood that long boiling would bring out the delicious flavour, we have been highly pleased with it.

"It is one of the finest things for nursing mothers that I have ever seen. It keeps up the mother's strength and increases the supply of nourishment for the child if partaken of freely. I drank it between meals instead of water and found it most beneficial.

"Our five-year-old boy has been very delicate since birth and has developed slowly. He was white and bloodless. I began to give him Postum freely and you would be surprised at the change. When any person remarks about the great improvement, we never fail to tell them that we attribute his gain in strength and general health to the free use of Postum and this has led many friends to use it for themselves and children.

"I have always cautioned friends to whom I have spoken about Postum to follow directions in making it, for unless it is boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, it is quite tasteless. On the other hand, when properly made, it is very delicious. I want to thank you for the benefits we have derived from the use of your Postum."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.